THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 7, 1803.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE *of a* BRITISH SAILOR.

DANIEL BRYAN was an old ſeaman, and captain of the fore-top, who had been turned over from the Blanche into Sir Sidney Smith's ſhip, Le Tigre. During the ſiege of Acre, this hardy veteran made repeated applications to be employed on ſhore; but, being an elderly man, and rather deaf, his requeſt was not acceded to. At the firſt ſtorming of the breach by the French, among the multitude of ſlain, fell one of the generals of that nation; the Turks, in triumph, ſtruck off the head of this unfortunate officer, and, after inhumanly mangling the body with their ſabres, left it, naked, a prey to the dogs. Precluded from the rites of ſepulchre, it in a few days became putreſcent: a ſhocking ſpectacle; a dreadful memento of the horrors of war; the fragility of human nature; and the vanity of all ſublunary ambition, hopes, and expectations. Thus expoſed, when any of the ſailors who had been on ſhore returned to the ſhip, inquiries were inſtantly made reſpecting the ſtate of the deceaſed general. Dan frequently aſked his meſſmates, why they had not buried him? but the only reply that he received was, "Go, and do it yourſelf." Dan ſwore he would; obſerving, that he had himſelf been taken priſoner by the French, who always gave their enemies a decent burial, not like thoſe —— Turks, leaving them to rot above board. In the morning, having, at length, obtained leave to go and ſee the town, he dreſſed himſelf as though for an excurſion of pleaſure, and went aſhore with the ſurgeon in the jolly-boat. About an hour or two after, while the ſurgeon was dreſſing the wounded Turks in the hoſpital, in came honeſt Dan, who, in his rough good-natured manner, exclaimed, "I've been burying the general, Sir,

and now I'm come to ſee the ſick!" Not particularly attending to the tar's ſalute, but fearful of his catching the plague, the ſurgeon immediately ordered him out. Returning on board, the coxſwain inquired of the ſurgeon if he had ſeen old Dan? "Yes, he has been burying the French general." It was then that Dan's words in the hoſpital firſt occurred. The boat's crew who witneſſed the generous action, an action truly worthy of a Britiſh ſailor, in whoſe character are ever blended the nobler and the milder virtues, thus related its circumſtances:—

The old man procured a pickaxe, a ſhovel, and a rope, and inſiſted on being let down, out of a port-hole cloſe to the breach. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him: "No!" he replied, "you are too young to be ſhot yet; as for me, I am old and deaf, and my loſs would be no great matter." Perſiſting in his adventure, in the midſt of the firing, Dan was ſlung and lowered down, with his implements of action on his ſhoulder. His firſt difficulty, not a very trivial one, was to drive away the dogs. The French now levelled their pieces—they were on the inſtant of firing at the hero! It was an intereſting moment! but an officer perceiving the friendly intentions of the ſailor, was ſeen to throw himſelf acroſs the file. Inſtantaneouſly the din of arms, the military thunder, ceaſed; a dead, a ſolemn ſilence prevailed, and the worthy fellow conſigned the corpſe to its parent earth. He covered it with mould and ſtones, placing a large ſtone at its head, and another at its feet. But Dan's taſk was not yet completed. The unoſtentatious grave was formed, but no inſcription recorded the fate or character of its poſſeſſor. Dan, with the peculiar air of a Britiſh ſailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and attempted to write,

"Here you lie, old CROP!"

He was then, with his pickaxe and ſhovel, hoiſted into the town, and the hoſtile firing immediately recommenced.

A few days afterwards, Sir Sidney, having been informed of the circumſtance, ordered Dan to be called into the cabin. "Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French general?" "Yes, your honour." "Had you any body with you?" "Yes, your honour," "Why Mr. —— ſays you had not." "But I had, your honour." "Ah, who had you?" "God Almighty, Sir." "A very good aſſiſtant, indeed: give old Dan a glaſs of grog." "Thank your honour!" Dan drank his grog, and left the cabin highly gratified. He is now a penſioner in the royal hoſpital at Greenwich.

THE

THE SLAVES.

(Concluded from Page 357.)

MY friend Charles now began to converſe about the ſlaves, and expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at the great variety amongſt them:—"Come, my friend," ſaid he, "put on your philoſopher's countenance; as we are two peripatetics, explain to me theſe different varieties in your beſt manner, not in a cold ſtyle, but as if you were addreſſing a numerous audience." "Agreed," ſaid I, "Charles, for I know that when you repreſent the audience, I ſhall find it a very partial and forgiving one.

"Behold that ſlave coming towards us, bending beneath the weight of two cords of wood ſuſpended to the ends of a bamboo, which he balances acroſs his ſhoulder. His black complexion, his curly hair, his thick lips, and his tattoed forehead, announce him from the coaſt of Mozambique; his ſtrong make ſhows him capable of fatigue, and in his inoffenſive and humbled countenance, you may read that he has often ſubmitted to blows and unmerited reproaches, without for a moment thinking of revenge; he performs the taſk which is ſet him without objections and without inquiry. You ſee him now walking ſlowly along, oppreſſed with his load, and perhaps you pity his fate; follow him to the next corner; there ſits one of his companions playing on a Jew's-harp. He ſtops—he liſtens—pleaſure ſteals into his ſoul—he throws off his load—he beats the ground with his heels—raiſes his hands claſped above his head—gives himſelf up to the wildeſt and moſt inconſiderate joy, and, occupied only with the preſent, thinks neither of the hours of bitterneſs which are paſt, nor of thoſe which are yet to come.

"Obſerve the one who comes next. Even at a diſtance his upright form, his nervous make, his free ſtep, announce the Malay, or native of the iſland of Java, the king of ſlaves. As he approaches, mark his long, coal-black hair, which hangs half down his back, his yellow complexion, his glancing and jealous eye, which looks aſkance upon ſlavery. He knows well that from his claſs are formed the houſe-painters, the muſicians, the ingenious workmen of the Cape. He is proud of this diſtinction, and glories in the name of Malay. He exacts ſome deference from his maſter; his geſtures, his ſpeech, ſometimes ſlow and ſedate, at others rapid and violent, ſeem to ſay, "I know that I am your ſlave, but be cautious how you uſe your power." A reproach ſtings and irritates him, a blow wounds his proud heart, he hoards it up in his remembrance, and broods upon his revenge. Time paſſes on, the maſter forgets that he has given the blow, but the Malay never.

"At length the bad part of his character is cruelly diſplayed: he intoxicates himſelf with opium and the madneſs of revenge,

he ruſhes upon his unguarded maſter with his kris, or crooked Malay dagger, and ſtabs him once, twice, ten times. The unfortunate wife and children are not ſafe if they croſs his way, he ſallies out into the ſtreet, and running madly along, ſacrifices all that he meets, till overpowered by numbers he is brought to ſuffer the puniſhment of his crime.

"Follow him to the place of execution. Some days are paſt, and the intoxication of opium is over; but do you obſerve his countenance in the leaſt changed by fear or remorſe? Not at all. He is bound to the wheel; the executioner breaks all his limbs one after another; but not a tear, nor a groan eſcapes him: at length nature is exhauſted; perhaps he breathes the name of Mahomet his prophet, and expires with the conſolation of having had his revenge.

"What a contraſt is preſented to this character in the ſlave whom you ſee there following his maſter. His features of the European caſt, his ſlender but well-formed ſhape, his mild and inoffenſive looks, and his black hair curled, but not woolly, announce the harmleſs native of the Malabar coaſt. He is in all reſpects the beſt of the houſehold ſlaves. Without the inactivity or dulneſs of the Mozambiquer, or the penetrative genius of the Malay, he forms an excellent medium between the two. More intelligent, more induſtrious, and more active than the former; more docile and more affectionate than the latter, he unites ſteadineſs to vivacity, and capability of inſtruction to winning manners. Expect not from him violent oppoſition: while the native of Mozambique often grows obſtinate, and hardens under the laſh: whilſt the Malay frowns and prepares to ſharpen his dagger, the Malabar bends to the blow, and endeavours to avert it by tears and entreaties. Never is he brought to juſtice for crimes of a heinous nature; never are his feeble hands ſtained with blood; but if, through a falſe accuſation or a diſpoſition too liable to be made the tool of knavery, one of his claſs is brought to ſuffer death, he ſhudders, and turns away his head at the ſight of the place of execution; he ſhrieks aloud whilſt the blow is yet ſuſpended, and before it falls, and with tears and groans he implores compaſſion till his life and ſufferings are at an end.

"But come, let us leave ſcenes of blood, the place of execution, and its wheels and engines: behold yon light waggon advancing ſo rapidly upon us, drawn by fourteen or ſixteen oxen, and led by a Hottentot who runs before them; ſee with what dexterity the maſter, ſitting in the front of the waggon, and cracking his long whip, directs the whole. The Hottentot, as you would obſerve, has on him nothing of what in England would be called clothes; an undreſſed ſheep-ſkin buckles round his neck, and hangs down behind him like a cloak; ate very motion of his body it flies back and expoſes his tawny ſkin, his

meagre

meagre make, and his ſmall and active limbs; before him hangs a ſmall pouch, faſtened round his loins with a leathern thong.

"With not a ſingle other article of dreſs, without hat, without ſhoes, he leads his oxen through ſun, and wind, and rain, over ſtones and hot ſandy roads. Sometimes he puts on a pair of undreſſed leathern ſandals, which are faſtened round the ancles; and ſometimes an old tattered hat protects his head from the rain or ſun; but neither of theſe are univerſally worn; and in general the one which has paſſed us may ſerve as a ſpecimen of all the reſt. It is true, he has not the name of ſlave, but his condition is not on that account in the leaſt more deſirable; by the laws of the colony he is only bound to ſerve five and twenty years, after which he becomes free. In other words, his maſter enjoys twenty-five years of his ſervices for the prime of his life, and may then caſt him off to ſeek his bread elſewhere.

"Theſe may be reckoned the four principal ſtocks of the ſlaves of the Cape. The Malay, the native of the Mozambique and Malabar coaſts, and the colonial-born ſlave. It muſt not be imagined, however, that theſe different races are anxious to preſerve themſelves unmixed. In this place they are quickly mingled together, and many a ſlave can boaſt of an European father. Hence reſults the moſt complete variety of features and ſhades of colour, that is perhaps to be met with in any part of the globe. Yellow, jet black, white and copper-coloured are kneaded together into a maſs. Every face that paſſes us is of a different colour from the one that went before it, and the eye is continually amuſed by a ſtrange and unceaſing variety.

"The different females preſerve likewiſe in their domeſtic occupations ſomething of the character of their nation. The female Malay takes care of the houſe, gives an account of every article, arranges the linen and the clothes in the preſſes, is intruſted with ſeveral of the keys; and, having finiſhed her work, ſhe coils up her long black hair on the crown of her head, where ſhe faſtens it with a ſilver bodkin, and then ſits down to knit at the feet of her miſtreſs.

"The Malabar female, mild and gentle, is, like her huſband, employed in every kind of the lighter domeſtic occupations. No blows are required to induce her exertions; a threat terrifies her. She redoubles her activity, is anxious to ſhew herſelf attentive to the intereſts of the family, cleans and arranges the furniture; and in the evening, having kiſſed her children and put them to ſleep, ſhe brings her knitting needles, and ſeats herſelf by the ſide of her companions.

"The female of Mozambique, generally ſtronger than her fellows, yet at the ſame time ſufficiently active and intelligent, is ſometimes employed in works of drudgery, and ſometimes in

thoſe

thoſe of a lighter kind. According to the will of her owners, ſometimes you may ſee her carrying on her head a large bundle of linen to waſh in the brook which runs from Table Hill; ſometimes nurſing the children of the family, and advanced to honour; but in either occupation, ſhe is always found, like the male, patient, performing what is ſet to her, and no more; pleaſed with praiſe, but not over-anxious to obtain it, and going through her taſk more through the wiſh of ſeeing the end of it than the deſire of performing it well.

"The female Hottentot contents herſelf with the loweſt claſs, and is indeed ſeldom employed by the families at the Cape, being chiefly and indeed almoſt only to be found in the farm-houſes and at ſome little diſtance from the Cape. The Hottentot character, both male and female, is ſaid to be the leaſt engaging of the whole. They neither make themſelves ſo uſeful as the Malay, nor do they poſſeſs the affectionate diſpoſition of the native of Malabar or Mozambique. They labour only through abſolute neceſſity, and would quickly ſink into profound indolence if not perpetually incited to action. After remaining many years with a family, and being kindly treated, they will leave with great indifference; and indeed, to ſay the truth, I have ſeen ſo many inſtances of cold ingratitude among thoſe of this nation, that it cannot be denied the charge is not altogether without foundation: yet, at the ſame time, having ſeen many inſtances to the contrary, let us reſerve their character for a particular diſcuſſion."

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 348.)

MORE ſerious objects in ſome hours more engaged the attention of the troops. The rebels, who after the defeat of Walpole's army on the 4th of June, had waſted their time in burning the town of Carnew, in trials of priſoners for orangemen, the plundering of houſes, and other acts of like nature, at length collected their force at Gorey, and advanced to attack Arklow on the 9th, the only day which that poſt had been prepared for defence. Their number probably amounted to twenty-ſeven thouſand, of whom near five thouſand were armed with guns, the reſt with pikes, which gave them in ſome points of view the appearance of a moving foreſt, and they were furniſhed with three ſerviceable pieces of artillery. The troops poſted for the defence of this, at that time, moſt important ſtation, conſiſted of ſixteen hundred men, including yeomen, ſupplementary men, and thoſe of the artillery. The rebels attacked the town on all ſides, except that which is waſhed by the river. The

approach of that column, which advanced by the ſea ſhore, was ſo rapid, that the picket guard of yeoman cavalry, ſtationed in that quarter, was in extreme danger, a party of the rebels having entered and fired what is called the fiſhery, a part of the town on that ſide, compoſed of thatched cabins, before they could effect their eſcape, ſo that they were obliged to gallop through the flames, while the main body of this rebel column was at their heels. So great was the terror of this troop of yeomen that moſt of them ſtopped not their flight till they had croſſed the river, ſwimming their horſes, in great peril of drowning, acroſs that broad ſtream. The farther progreſs of the aſſailants was prevented by the charge of the regular cavalry, ſupported by the fire of the infantry, who had been formed for the defence of the town, in a line compoſed of three regiments, with their battalion of artillery, thoſe of the Armagh and Cavan militia, and the Durham fencibles. The main effort of the rebels, who commenced the attack near four o'clock in the evening, was directed againſt the ſtation of Durham, whoſe line extended through the field in front of the town to the road leading from Gorey.

As the rebels poured their fire from the ſhelter of ditches, ſo that the oppoſite fire of the ſoldiery had no effect, Colonel Skerrett, the ſecond in command, to whom Major-general Needham, the firſt in command, had wiſely given diſcretionary orders to make the beſt uſe of his abilities and profeſſional ſkill, commanded his men to ſtand with ordered arms, their left wing covered by breaſt-work, and the right by a natural riſing of the ground, until the enemy leaving their cover ſhould advance to an open attack. This open attack was made three times in moſt formidable force, the aſſailants ruſhing within a few yards of the cannons' mouths; but they were received with ſo cloſe and effective a fire, that they were repulſed with great ſlaughter in every attempt. The Durhams were not only expoſed to the fire of the enemy's ſmall arms, but were alſo galled by their cannon. A piece of theſe, directed at firſt much too high, deſignedly by a ſoldier, taken priſoner by the rebels, of the name of Shepherd, appointed to manage the gun, was afterwards levelled ſo by Eſmond Kyan, a rebel chief, that it broke the carriage of one of the battalion guns, and obliged the left wing of the regiment to ſhift its ground, by advancing twenty paces to avoid being infiladed by the ſhot. One of the balls carried away the whole belly of a ſoldier, who yet lived ſome minutes in that miſerable condition, extended on the ground, and ſtretching forth his hands to his aſſociates. Whatever talents General Needham may have poſſeſſed as a leader, of which I think it not neceſſary to give my opinion, he diſplayed for ſome time the courage of a ſoldier, riding from poſt to poſt expoſed to the enemy's fire. He, however, at laſt, began to talk

of

of a retreat. The reſolution of Colonel Skerrett, on that occaſion, ſaved Arklow, and, in my opinion, the kingdom. His reply to the general, when addreſſed on the ſubject of a retreat, was in words to this effect. "We cannot hope for victory otherwiſe than by preſerving our ranks: if we break, all is loſt, and from the ſpirit which I have ſeen diſplayed at this awful criſis by the Durham regiment, I can never bear the idea of its giving ground." By this magnanimous anſwer of the colonel the general was diverted ſome time from his ſcheme of a retreat, and in that time the buſineſs was decided by the retreat of the rebels, who retired in deſpair, when fruſtrated in their moſt furious aſſault, in which Father Michael Murphy, prieſt of Ballycannoo, was killed by a cannon ſhot, within thirty yards of the Durham line, while he was leading his people to the attack.

This battle, though not altogether the moſt bloody, was perhaps the moſt important of this war, ſince it probably decided the fate of Ireland. As the rebels were not purſued, for a purſuit would have been very hazardous, particularly near the cloſe of the evening, which was the time of their retreat, they carried away moſt of their wounded, ſo that their loſs could not be aſcertained, but may have amounted to three or four hundred. The loſs of the Durham regiment, out of three hundred and ſixty men, of which it conſiſted, was twenty privates killed and wounded. The loſs of men ſuſtained by the reſt of the army I could not accurately learn; but it was very ſmall, much leſs than might have been expected: for though the weight of the combat lay on the Durhams, the action was every where warm, and the defence bravely maintained.

The rebels had burned only a very ſmall part of the town of Gorey, and only two houſes of gentlemen in its immediate vicinity, thoſe of Ramsfort and Clonattin; the former the manſion of Stephen Ram, Eſq. the latter, that of Colonel Abel Ram, of the Wexford regiment of militia. As the owner of the latter was bravely fighting againſt the inſurgents, its deſtruction can cauſe no ſurpriſe, though it was much regretted by many among them, becauſe his father and himſelf in ſucceſſion had been remarkable for their humanity and generoſity to their tenants.

Repulſed at Arklow, the rebels were obliged to adopt a defenſive plan. They hoped to maintain at leaſt ſome of their poſts until the arrival of a French army ſhould alter the ſtate of affairs. They intended not, however, to omit any opportunity of annoying their opponents in the interim; and the main body of their force poſted at Gorey, and on Limerick hill, four miles diſtant, moved away twelve miles, to a place called Mount-pleaſant, near the town of Tinnehely, in the county of Wicklow. This town and neighbourhood had hitherto been protected by

the activity of the proteſtant inhabitants, who, in the preceding April, had embodied themſelves, to the number of one hundred and fifty-one, under the titles of the true-blues of Tinnehely, chooſing Henry Morton, Eſq. the next reſident magiſtrate for their leader: and uniting with the Shillela company of yeoman infantry, under Captain James Morton, in conjunction with whom they performed regular and active duty both day and night. The town was now on the 17th of June, burned, and many houſes in the country around; many perſons were put to death with pikes, under the charge of being orangemen; and many more would have ſuffered if they had not been ſpared, at the humane interceſſion of a romaniſt lady, a Mrs. Maher, in that neighbourhood. The true-blues, who had retreated to Hacketſtown, ſix miles diſtant, returned, accompanied by other companies and troops of yeomen, (the whole forming a body of about five hundred men) to attack the rebels; but finding them furniſhed with cannon, and their number formidable, they again retreated to the ſame poſt. On the following day, the 18th of June, a conſiderable body of troops, which had arrived from Baltinglaſs, under the command of Lieutenant-general Dundas, furniſhed with a train of artillery, marched from Hacketſtown, where the true-blues were left as a garriſon, and went to attack the rebels at Tinnehely; but theſe had retreated and taken poſt on Kilcavan hill—a lofty eminence two miles diſtant from Carnew. This army of inſurgents, at whoſe head was Garret Byrne, of Ballymanus, a romiſh gentleman of the county of Wicklow, had intended to ſurpriſe Hacketſtown, but were prevented by the arrival of the troops under Dundas. Theſe troops, forming a junction with thoſe of General Loftus from Tullow, marched to attack the rebels on Kilcavan. To ſurround and oblige the whole body to ſurrender, was thought by many, a matter of eaſy accompliſhment, but this was judged by General Lake, who commanded the combined forces on that occaſion, either not practicable or not adviſeable; for, after a cannonade on both ſides, with little execution, and tremendous ſhouts of defiance from the rebels, with their hats raiſed on pikes, according to their conſtant practice, the general retired to Carnew, and Byrne's army, the ſame night, the 20th of June, directed its march to Vinegar-hill.

(To be continued.)

Obſervations intended to elucidate the Property Tax Act.

AS the forms of returns under the property tax act are now delivering in different places, and as perſons who are not acquainted with the act may frequently find themſelves at a loſs

in filling them up properly, a few general obſervations may tend to remove their difficulties.

One of the circumſtances moſt complained of with reſpect to the income tax, was the diſcloſure of the ſituation of individuals, in conſequence of the return required from them. In the preſent act, this grievance, which, though in a great degree imaginary, was often ſeverely felt, is entirely removed. No perſon is called upon to return an account of his income, unleſs he chooſe to do ſo voluntarily, for the purpoſe of obtaining ſome exemption, or abatement of charge.

Thoſe who have property in land, or who occupy lands or houſes as tenants, who have money in the public funds, or any corporation ſtock, or lent on mortgage, bond, or any other ſecurity, bearing annual intereſt, within Great Britain, or who poſſeſs any office, ſalary, annuity, or allowance, whether public or private, are only required to ſign the general declaration prefixed to the return, viz. "That they are not poſſeſſed of any property, nor engaged in any profeſſion, trade, adventure, or concern, of which they are required, or ought to deliver any ſtatement according to the act."

It may not, however, be amiſs to obſerve, that the moſt convenient mode of payment for money in the funds, will be either to make a ſeparate return of it to the commiſſioners for the city of London, or to pay five per cent. on the dividends as they ariſe into the bank, and to take receipt, ſpecifying the ſtock on account of which the payment is made; which receipt muſt be ſent to the office of the commiſſioners for the city of London.

Thoſe who are engaged in trade or profeſſions, or who have property or ſecurities in Ireland or abroad, muſt, indeed, either make a return of their profits ſo ariſing to the commiſſioners, who are ſworn to ſecrecy, or if they deſire a more complete concealment, may be charged by a ſecret reference in the mode pointed out in the 117th ſection of the act. But they are not bound to make any return of other property they may poſſeſs, of any of the various deſcriptions before enumerated; and therefore the real ſtate of their circumſtances cannot poſſibly be known even by the commiſſioners.

It therefore appears, that where no exemption or abatement is claimed, no diſcloſure of circumſtances will take place, and the party will ſcarcely ſuffer any trouble or inconvenience beyond the mere diminution of his income, by the amount of the tax, which will be collected from him almoſt imperceptibly.

But the act requires that where the party chuſes to diſcloſe his circumſtances, the diſcloſure ſhall be accurate and full, in order to enable the commiſſioners to guard as much as poſſible againſt any impoſition; and for this, the forms of return now diſtributed, have been prepared; and which, though unavoidably

ſomewhat

ſomewhat complicated and intricate, will be found, with a little attention, as intelligible as the nature of the ſubject will admit.

As many people in trade are embarraſſed in making their returns, people whoſe income ariſes only from trade, and have no abatements to claim, have nothing to do with any other than page 3, No. 14, of the papers now circulating, where they ſhould ſign their name, with the day of the month, and the date of the year, in the firſt diviſion of the left hand column, and the amount of their income, and duty chargeable in the fourth diviſion of the right hand column of the ſame page.

If abatements are to be made for income, under 150l. a year, the groſs ſum ſhould be alſo ſtated in the firſt diviſion, No. 6, ſecond part, leaving the commiſſioners to make the deduction. At the bottom of No. 6, ſecond part, the number of children ſhould be ſtated, leaving the commiſſioners to deduct according to the act.

The Ruſſian Traveller Karamſin's Obſervations on the Attachment of the Engliſh to domeſtic Happineſs.

LONDON, Auguſt, 1790.

THE banks of the Thames are very beautiful; they might be called flower-beds; for in ſpite of the eternal miſts which hang over England, Flora reigns here in all her ſplendour. How pleaſant are the ſmall cottages, covered to the very roof with foliage and flowers, or embowered in the ſhade of high and ſpreading trees, through which ſcarcely a ray of ſunſhine can penetrate!

But 'tis the picture of uncorrupted manners, and of domeſtic happineſs, which one ſees in theſe villages, that particularly delights me. Many of the wealthy citizens of London paſs the ſummer in the country, and every Sunday I go to a neighbouring village, where I attend divine ſervice, and hear a good moral ſermon, in Yorick's popular manner. It gives me much pleaſure to contemplate the contented faces of fathers and huſbands, who ſeem to be addreſſing their ardent prayers to Heaven, only for the preſervation of what they already poſſeſs. The mothers are ſurrounded by their children; never did I ſee ſuch fine children, with complexions like milk and blood—all little Emilius's and Sophias. From church every family returns to their garden, which, with a ſlight ſketch of imagination, one might eaſily fancy to be receſſes in Milton's Paradiſe; only that luckily no ſeducing ſerpent is to be found in them. The affectionate wife walks hand in hand with her beloved partner; and no volatile airy fop, or ciciſbeo flutters around her. In a

word an old batchelor could not poſſibly refrain from a ſigh, at the ſight of the beautiful ſprightly children, and the chaſte diſcreet mother. Yes, my dear friends, in this country the women are chaſte and modeſt; and of courſe their huſbands muſt be happy. Here the happy couple live only for one another, and not for the world. Though this be more particularly the caſe with reſpect to the middling claſſes of ſociety; yet it is true, likewiſe, that an Engliſh lord, and duke, knows nothing of the inceſſant diſſipation, which ſeems to be the very element of our faſhionable world. A ball or concert is here ſo rare a phenomenon, that even the newſpapers ſpeak of them; but among us it is an inviolable cuſtom, to be either continually out a viſiting or to receive company at home. The Engliſhman on the contrary looks for happineſs at home, and rarely wiſhes to have witneſſes of his domeſtic felicity. And what are the conſequences of this continual gadding about? Faſhionable ladies, who are always upon the public ſtage, are anxious only to acquire theatrical virtues; to dreſs with taſte, to walk with an enchanting ſtep, to ogle and ſmile with a winning grace, is the only merit, the attainment of which is thought worth aiming at by ſuch ladies as are always in company, and only ſleep and dreſs at home. To-day there is a ſupper, to-morrow a ball; the dancing continues till morning; can it then be expected that domeſtic duties ſhould on the following day engage their attention? Not ſo the Engliſh ladies; educated for a domeſtic life, they early acquire the inclinations and habits which render even ſolitude agreeable, and of courſe become good wives, and good mothers. If I ſtep into a houſe here, in the morning, I am ſure to find the miſtreſs of it engaged in ſome occupation; either ſewing, or knitting, or reading ſome inſtructive book, playing on the piano-porte, or drawing, or inſtructing her children, fondly looking forward to the hour when her conſort returns from the counting-houſe, and the exchange, or comes out of his ſtudy, and ſmiling exclaims, "now I am thine, now I am your's again!"

I have always conſidered it a ſign of a people's being truly enlightened, when they are fond of a domeſtic life; 'tis only vacuity of mind that drives us into the whirlpool of diſſipation; and true philoſophy cannot be more beneficially employed than in bringing mankind back to the pure joys of nature.

Voltaire ſays at the end of his Candide, "come, my friends! let us work in the garden!"—a word that always occurs to me when I am reflecting upon fate and happineſs; I then frequently add, "come, my friends, into the circle of domeſtic life, let us love one another, and leave the reſt to providence."

And even if I had not ſeen St. Paul's cathedral, and the Thames with its magnificent bridges, and its ſhips, diſplaying the flags of

of all nations; even if I had not been in the warehouſes of the Eaſt India company, and at a meeting of the royal ſociety; I ſhould not heſitate to call the Engliſh a highly enlightened people, becauſe they know the value of domeſtic happineſs.

Copy of a Letter from the late John Hatfield, written a few Days before his Execution, to the Rev. Mr. Ellerton.

DEAR and REV. SIR, Carliſle, 29th Aug. 1803. Monday.

I Take the earlieſt opportunity to ſay how very much I am obliged by your excellent letter; it reached my hands whilſt Mr. Mark was doing duty in the chapel, after having beſtowed the comfortable ſacrament of our bleſſed Lord upon me. The ſtate of my mind is very pleaſing to Mr. Mark and Mr. Patterſon, whoſe attendance on me is very valuable; but ſolitude ſuits me beſt—alone with God, and his word, I find a peace which paſſeth all underſtanding; and it produces a deſire to go hence, not in ſpleen or diſguſt; Oh, no! very far, very far, from it. I feel a comfort in praying heartily for thoſe who have been the principal procurers of my death; and ſo I ought, for they have already cauſed me more real ſatisfaction than any previous moments of my eventful life had afforded.

Be aſſured you will not hear of my departing with any thing like the "bravo" in my manner—all my peace, all my ſtrength, ariſes from him in whom alone I truſt. Nine months of previous confinement, and an accurate knowledge of the diſpoſitions of thoſe who were ſet againſt me, have been circumſtances of great value—they led me to ſeek help. I long prayed for ſtrength to meet whatever was permitted to befall me, and have received ſufficient for my day—for ſtill my cry has been, Lord, let me go in thy ſtrength to every trial; and under whatever thou permitteſt to befall me, enable me to ſay, in the true ſpirit of humble reſignation, "Oh Lord, thy will be done!" I am indeed ſenſible of the goodneſs of God, in granting me the abundant preparation I have had; and have been taught to compare the vaſt difference between ſuch a looked for death, and the tremendous viſits it pays every moment around us. I am aware, dear Sir, that repentance requires more than mere ſhame for the acts, and ſorrow for the conſequence. The ſpirit of truth requires a far more efficacious atonement for our brutal violation of its majeſty. I have ſought, and hope I ſhall to the laſt continue to ſeek, all, through a bleſſed Redeemer—in him only do I truſt—through his ſufferings and his mediation alone can I hope to ſee my God in peace. I have long been bleſſed with that faith, and it ſtedfaſtly abides in me—but I cannot talk of ſuch certainties, ſuch evidences as certain zealous Chriſtians recount

recount to me on paper—if I was to be damned, if I did not ſay ſo, I cannot, will not, ſay, " I know that I am Chriſt's, and Chriſt is mine"—I am bleſſed with a firm truſt in his mercy, a firm belief in its efficacy, and a very earneſt ſeeking for it—the reſt I leave at the foot of God's throne, where do I hope to be preſented in his name.

The good people I have mentioned have taken great pains about me, but it having pleaſed Almighty God! to beſtow on me Chriſtian attendance from gentlemen of the eſtabliſhment, under which I formed my early opinions, and never having had any cauſe to doubt the ſoundneſs of them—I decline all other perſonal offices, here, though truly deſirous of being juſtly thankful for all their kind offers, which have indeed been tendered by almoſt every denomination of Chriſtians within reach of me. For your prayers on Saturday next I ſhall be truly thankful—for here, inſtigated doubtleſs by humane motives, they do not execute till after the poſt comes in, and that is ſometimes near three o'clock. My expectations on that day are of a very different kind. Mr. Mark has taken your addreſs, and will ſend the muſic you deſire.

With the trueſt reſpect, gratitude, and affection,
Dear and Rev. Sir,
I am,
Your very much obliged humble ſervant,
JOHN HATFIELD.

Reverend Mr. Ellerton, Colton,
near Ulverſtone.

ANECDOTES *of* MR. JOSEPH STRUTT.

THIS gentlemen was an artiſt of extraordinary merit, and an antiquarian of great induſtry and extenſive information. He was related to the ancient family of the Struttſ, of Tarling, Eſſex, and married a daughter of Mr. Blore, of Bocking, who died ſome time back, leaving two ſons, one bred to the profeſſion of a printer, the other a clerk in the bank. He was much diſtinguiſhed for the aſſiduity with which he traced the antiquities of our nation from illuminated manuſcripts, and from them compiled, according to the method of Montfaucon, " The Regal and Eccleſiaſtical Antiquities of England," publiſhed in quarto, in 1773; alſo, " Complete Views of the Manners, Cuſtoms, Arms, Habits, &c. of the Inhabitants of England, from the Arrival of the Saxons to the time of Henry the Eighth," two volumes, quarto, 1774: reprinted in 1796-7. He is likewiſe the author of the " Chronicle of England," publiſhed in two volumes, quarto, 1777; of the " Sports and Paſtimes of the People of England," 1803, quarto; and " A

Biographical Dictionary of Engravers," that made its firſt appearance in 1785, in two volumes quarto. Mr. Strutt died of an inflammation in the lungs, in Charles-ſtreet, Hatton Garden, on the 15th of October, and in the 51ſt year of his age.

Particulars of the Pepyſian Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge.

THIS collection was made by a gentleman, who was among the firſt collectors of rare books in this country, Samuel Pepys, Eſq. ſecretary of the admiralty, in the reigns of Charles the Second, and James the Second. He died in 1702, and bequeathed his collection to Magdalen College, where, according to his will, a new building was erected to receive them.

Among many other valuable articles here may be reckoned the following: ſome choice prints, the moſt curious of which are the twelve Cæſars and their wives, taken from an original painting by Titian; fac-ſimilies of the hand-writing of diſtinguiſhed perſons, who correſponded with Mr. Pepys, and various fragments of hand-writing of different perſons, for ſeveral hundred years back; various MSS. of Mr. Pepys's writing, relating principally to the maritime affairs of Scotland; a collection of old Engliſh ballads, to the amount of 2000, in five folio volumes, begun by Mr. Selden, finiſhed by Mr. Pepys, and brought down to the year 1700; two volumes of Scottiſh poetry, one in folio, the other in quarto, called the Maitland Collections, the former in the hand-writing of Sir Richard Maitland, the latter of Miſs Mary Maitland, a daughter of Sir Richard's. The folio was begun in 1555, and finiſhed in 1585; the quarto was begun in 1585, and completed in 1587. It comprehends poems written from about 1420 to 1586.

From the collection of old Engliſh ballads, Biſhop Percy enriched his three volumes of Ancient Engliſh Poetry; and from the Maitland collection, Mr. Pinkerton entirely compoſed his two volumes of Ancient Scottiſh Poems. The latter gentleman, who diligently examined this library, and who is competent to eſtimate its value, ſays of it, ſpeaking in reference to old Engliſh books, "that it is undoubtedly the moſt curious in England, thoſe of the Britiſh muſeum excepted.

REFLECTIONS *on the* CONDUCT *of* LIFE.

WHEN you look forward to thoſe plans of life which either your circumſtances have ſuggeſted or your friends have propoſed, you will not heſitate to acknowledge, that in order to purſue them with advantage, ſome previous diſcipline is requiſite.

Be

Be aſſured, that whatever is to be your profeſſion, no education is more neceſſary to your ſucceſs than the acquirement of virtuous diſpoſitions and habits: this is the univerſal preparation for every character and every ſtation in life. Bad as the world is, reſpect is always paid to virtue. In the uſual courſe of human affairs it will be found that a plain underſtanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to proſperity than the brighteſt parts without probity or honour. Whether ſcience, or buſineſs, or public life be your aim, virtue ſtill enters for a principal ſhare into all thoſe great departments of ſociety: it is connected with eminence in every liberal art: with reputation, in every branch of fair and uſeful buſineſs; with diſtinction, in every public ſtation. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character, the generous ſentiments which it breathes, the undaunted ſpirit which it inſpires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and diſhonourable avocations —are the foundations of all that is high in fame, or great in ſucceſs among men.

Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now poſſeſs, virtue is a neceſſary requiſite in order to their ſhining with proper luſtre. Feeble are the attractions of the faireſt form, if it be ſuſpected that nothing within correſponds to the pleaſing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is ſuppoſed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at firſt attract the attention, you can hold the eſteem and ſecure the hearts of others only by amiable diſpoſitions, and the accompliſhments of the mind. Theſe are the qualities whoſe influence will laſt, when the luſtre of all that once ſparkled and dazzled has paſſed away.

Let not then the ſeaſon of youth be barren of improvements ſo eſſential to your future felicity and honour. Now is the ſeed-time of life; and according to what you ſow, you ſhall reap. Your character is now, under Divine aſſiſtance, of your own forming; your fate is, in ſome meaſure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and ſoft; habits have not eſtabliſhed their dominion; prejudices have not pre-occupied your underſtanding; the world has not had time to contract and debaſe your affections; all your powers are more vigorous, diſembarraſſed, and free, than they will be at any future period:— whatever impulſes you now give to your deſires and paſſions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlaſting iſſue.

PORTRAIT *of* TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

THIS celebrated negro (ſays Dubroca) is of the middle ſtature; he has a fine eye, and his glances are rapid and penetrating; extremely ſober by habit; his activity in the proſecution of his enterprizes is inceſſant. He is an excellent horſeman, and travels on occaſion with inconceivable rapidity, arriving frequently at the end of his journey alone, or almoſt unattended; his aid-de-camps and his domeſtics being unable to follow him in journies, which are often of fifty or ſixty leagues. He ſleeps generally in his clothes, and gives very little time either to repoſe or to his meals. All his actions are covered with ſuch a profound veil of hypocriſy, that all who approach him are betrayed into an opinion of the purity of his intentions.

The Marquis d'Hermona, that intelligent and diſtinguiſhed Spaniſh officer (who had ſerved with him, and knew him intimately) ſaid of him: "if a heavenly being were to deſcend upon earth, he could not inhabit a heart more apparently good than that of Touſſaint L'ouverture."

DEDICATION *of* CHURCHES.

IN a work written very much in the ſtyle and manner of Sterne, entitled "Coriat Junior, or Remarks in a Journey through the Netherlands," 1767, 8vo. p. 408, is the following ſingular corroboration of Sir Henry Spelman's opinion concerning the riſe of wakes.

"I was much pleaſed with the good order and regularity of one of their village fairs, which was opened with ſolemn church ſervice, and a proceſſion, in honour of the ſaint to whom the church was dedicated. The origin of fairs, in the opinion of our learned antiquary Sir Henry Spelman, is derived from the anniverſaries of the dedication of churches. This may ſerve ſomewhat to illuſtrate that authority. No wonder then that ſuch contentment in devotion ſhould continue in civil mirth, and terminate in decency."—We fear this is not always the caſe at other places.

QUESTION, *by W. Carter, at Mr. Quant's Boarding-ſchool, Everſhot.*

ADMIT the head diameter of a ſpheroidical caſk 23 inches, length 34 inches, and the content 66,2+ ale gallons. Required the bung diameter.

Anſwer, by P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell, to J. Tanner's Rebus, inſerted September 12.

BRADNINCH will your rebus tell—
Until you write again, farewell!

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Channon, and W. Seaward, of Ottery; T. Rouſel, of Lopen; T. Rutger, Clowance; J. C. of Kingſbridge; William Row, of Wellington; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole; R. Holwell, of Exeter; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; T. Coumbe, of St German's; W. Bickham, jun. Aſhburton; and W. Gifford, of South Petherton.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to J. Lewis's Charade, inſerted September 12.

BEHOLD the ſwain! 'twixt hopes and fears
His LOVE is tempted to diſclote;
The beauteous nymph his fate declares,
With cheeks that vie with the red roſe.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. O. Zillwood, Dorcheſter; R. Horſey, and W. Row, of Wellington; Juvenis, of Southmolton; John Channon, and W. Seaward, of Ottery; T. Rouſel, of Lopen; T. Rutger, of Clowance; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; J. Tremlett, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Thomas Coumbe, of St. German's; and W. Gifford, of South Petherton.

A REBUS, *by Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.*

AN iſland you muſt firſt ſelect;
An ancient kingdom next detect;
A river; and a fixed ſtar;
My laſt a gallant Britiſh tar:
The whole combin'd a beaſt will tell:
Your ſervant, Sirs, I wiſh you well.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

NIMBLE as my whole may be,
Yet ſwift my firſt is thought as me;
My next a ſhare doth alſo claim,
Equal to me in light-foot fame;
Both ſexes take for me to make,
Yet but of one can I partake;
My whole, my firſt, alſo my laſt,
Under one genus oft are claſs'd:
Sagacious bards! now deign to tell my name,
And then to Sherborne quickly ſend the fame.

☞ *The editor is obliged to* Philo *for his well-meant communications, but they do not exactly ſuit The Weekly Entertainer. The other piece which he mentions the editor will be glad to ſee, but if carelefsly written it cannot be inſerted.*

‡†‡ *The greater part of the article reſpecting the Right Hon. Henry Addington having already appeared, on January 11, 1800, it is thought unneceſſary to inſert it again.*

*** *Correſpondents are expected to pay the poſtage of their letters; and genuine anſwers are requeſted to accompany the queſtions, enigmas, &c. which may be ſent.*

POETRY.

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

A BALLAD.—*By Mr.* DIBDIN.

JACK dances, and ſings, and is always content;
In his vows to his laſs he'll ne'er fail her;
His anchor's a-trip, when his money's all ſpent:
And this is the life of a ſailor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies
Where the winds the tir'd veſſel are flinging;
Tho' ſunk to the ſea-gods, or toſs'd to the ſkies,
Still Jack is found working and ſinging.

Long ſide of an enemy, boldly and brave,
H'ell with broadſide on broadſide regale her;
Yet he'll ſigh to the ſoul o'er an enemy's grave,
So noble's the mind of a ſailor.

Let cannons roar loud, burſt their ſides let the bombs,
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,
The rough and the ſmooth he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the ſtorm and the battle.

In a foſtering power, while Jack puts his truſt,
As fortune comes, ſmiling he'll hail her;
Reſign'd ſtill, and manly, ſince what muſt be muſt—
And this is the mind of a ſailor.

Tho' careleſs and headlong, if danger ſhould preſs,
And rank'd amongſt the free liſt of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of diſtreſs,
And prove the moſt conſtant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no paſſion a ſlave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer;
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave—
And this is a true Engliſh ſailor.

THOUGHTS *on* DEATH.

[From "Poems, on Moral and Religious Subjects, by A. Flowerdew."]

THOU Great Supreme! Thou Source of Light Divine!
Thou who haſt form'd me for eternal life!
O draw my mind from every vain purſuit,
And lead my thoughts to that approaching hour,
When nature's feeble pow'rs ſhall all give way!
Then ſhall the world, its pleaſures, and its cares,
Loſe all their hold, and, ſhrinking back from view,
Will leave the immortal mind to dwell on
Heavenly themes, and all the boundleſs ſcenes
Of vaſt eternity! the feeble clay
No longer able to confine her gueſt,
Shall drop, and ſleep in death, till that dread hour
When the archangel's voice ſhall ſhake the earth,
And all the dead in ſolemn pomp draw near!

Who

Who now ſhall tell the glories of that ſtate
To which the followers of the Lamb ſhall riſe?
No mortal eye hath ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor glowing heart conceiv'd the boundleſs joys,
The ceaſeleſs pleaſures, that ſurround his throne,
From whom ſprings ev'ry good and perfect bliſs.
Heaven! 'tis a world of endleſs glory,
Where his continu'd preſence ever dwells!
This is the happy ſtate I long to reach,
Where not an intervening cloud can riſe,
For I ſhall dwell for ever with my God.
O may I here begin this heaven below,
And all my brighteſt hours be ſpent in praiſe.
In youth, or age, ah! let me ſtands prepar'd
Calmly to meet my ſolemn, laſt, exchange:
Then, when thou call'ſt, without one ſtruggling ſigh,
To thee, who gave would I reſign my breath,
And fearleſs enter where my Saviour paſs'd.
O'er the dark valley he a light has ſhed
That cheers and well ſupports the fainting mind—
For, lo! the gates of bliſs he opens wide,
And welcomes ev'ry faithful follower home!

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO FUTURITY.

WHEN ſhadowy twilight bids the day recede,
And ſable glooms hang o'er the mountain top,
I love to hie me to the thick-grown grove,
Where penſive peace and meditation dwell;
And there, in bow'ry darkneſs curtain'd round,
To muſe thy ſcenes, Oh veil'd futurity!
In thoſe lone hours, when awe-inſpiring night,
Cov'ring a proſtrate world, and ſhading deep
The many colour'd hues, that only live
In the gay ſun-beam, ſheds her ſolemn calm
(While lip-clos'd echo ſleeps), what airy forms
Flit croſs the ponderer's frenzy'd eye, as he
Thro' thy ſtrange realms, and vap'ry bourne looks wild,
Murmuring his fancies to the paſſing breeze,
That bears prophetic voices on its wings.

Plymouth-Dock. N. T. CARRINGTON.

The STINGS *of* CONSCIENCE.

[From Gifford's Juvenal, Satire the 13th.]

TRUST me, no puniſhment the poets feign,
Can match the fierce, th' inutterable pain,
He feels, who night and day, devoid of reſt,
Carries his own accuſer in his breaſt.
At night ſhould ſleep his baraſs'd limbs compoſe,
And ſteal him, one ſhort moment, from his woes,
Then dreams invade; ſudden before his eyes,
The violated fane and altar riſe;
And, what diſturbs him moſt, ſome injur'd ſhade,
In more than mortal majeſty array'd,
Frowns on the wretch, alarms his treacherous reſt,
And wrings the horrid ſecret from his breaſt.